

SPACE ADVENTURES

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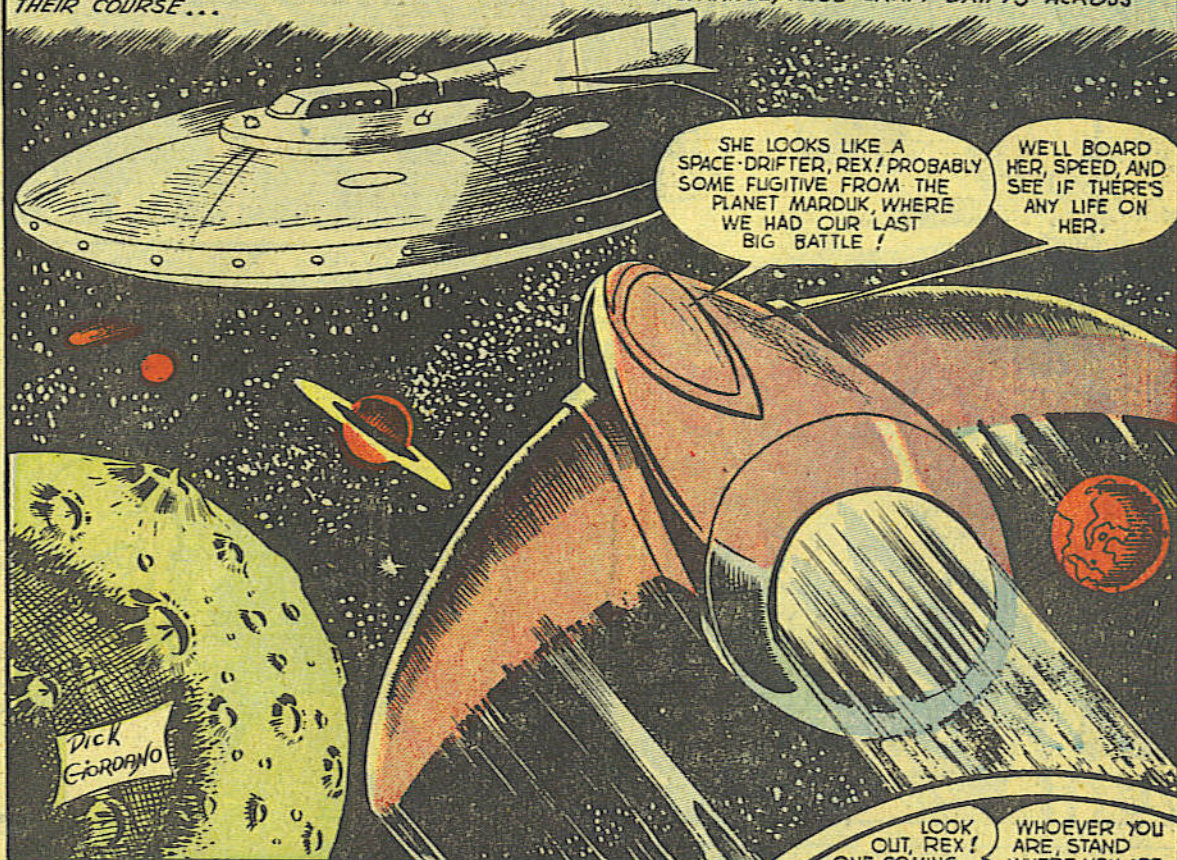
SPACE ADVENTURES



REX CLIVE, THE SPACE KING, BATTLES...

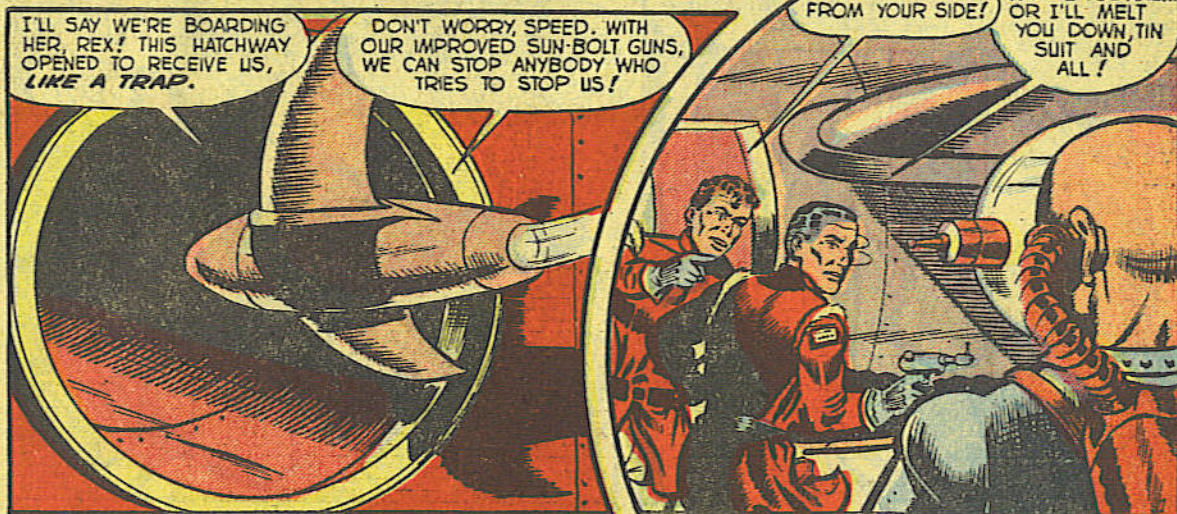
The DEVIL MASTERS of ALGOL

THE YEAR 2555 A.D. ...BILLIONS OF MILES BEYOND THE PLANET PLUTO...PAST OTHER NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANETS THAT SERVE AS STEPPING STONES TO OTHER SOLAR SYSTEMS, REX CLIVE AND SPEED LANSING ARE CHARTING NEW SPACEWAYS WHEN A STRANGE, HUGE CRAFT DRIFTS ACROSS THEIR COURSE...



SHE LOOKS LIKE A SPACE-DRIFTER, REX! PROBABLY SOME FUGITIVE FROM THE PLANET MARDUK, WHERE WE HAD OUR LAST BIG BATTLE!

WE'LL BOARD HER, SPEED, AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY LIFE ON HER.



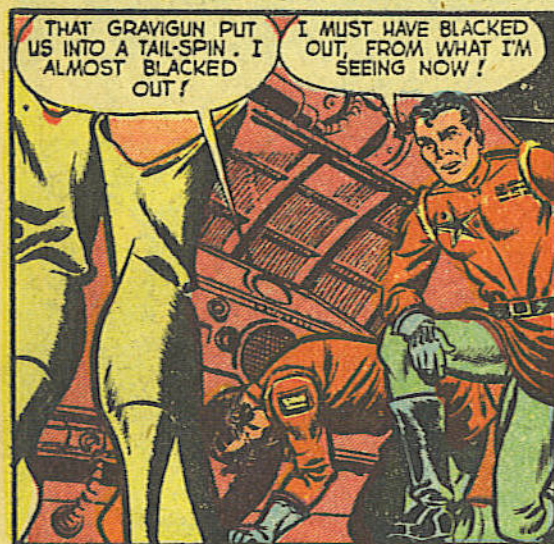
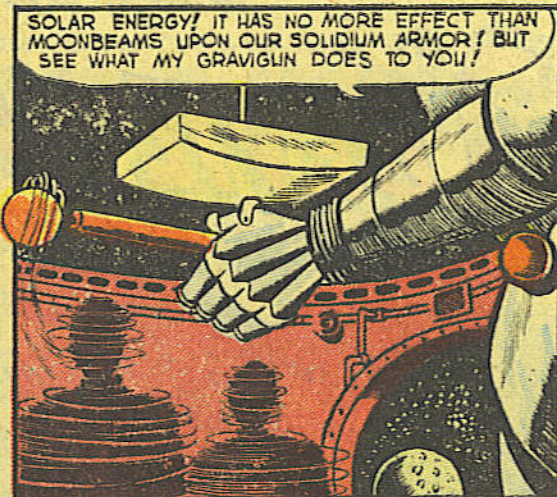
I'LL SAY WE'RE BOARDING HER, REX! THIS HATCHWAY OPENED TO RECEIVE US, LIKE A TRAP.

DON'T WORRY, SPEED. WITH OUR IMPROVED SUN-BOLT GUNS, WE CAN STOP ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO STOP US!

LOOK OUT, REX! ONE COMING FROM YOUR SIDE!

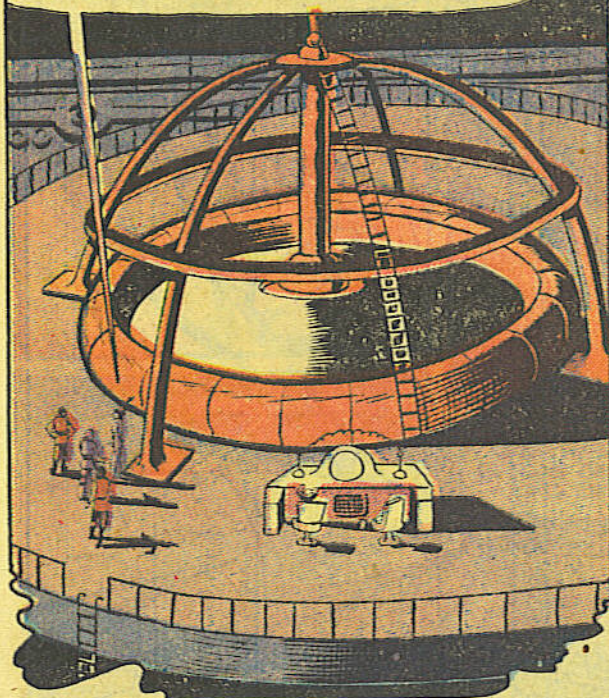
WHOEVER YOU ARE, STAND WHERE YOU ARE... OR I'LL MELT YOU DOWN, TIN SUIT AND ALL!

SPACE ADVENTURES

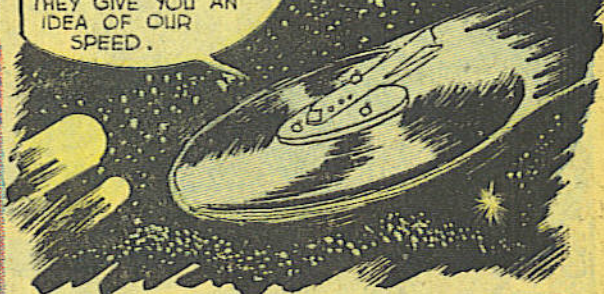


SPACE ADVENTURES

OUR PLANET DOX, LIKE ITS TWIN, ZOD, REVOLVES AROUND THE GREAT STAR ALGOL. THIS INTERGALACTIC SHIP IS DRIVEN BY AN I.G. MOTOR, ATTAINING A HUNDRED TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT!



HAVING FAILED TO FIND A BETTER WORLD THAN DOX, WE ARE RETURNING THERE. THOSE STREAKS ARE PLANETS OF YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM. THEY GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF OUR SPEED.



BUT WHY DID YOU LEAVE DOX AT ALL?

BECAUSE OF THE DEVIL MASTERS WHO INHABIT THE TWIN PLANET, ZOD. THE LESS SAID OF THEM, THE BETTER!



DURING THE LONG RETURN TRIP TO ALGOL, REX AND SPEED, TREATED AS GUESTS RATHER THAN PRISONERS, LEARNED MUCH ABOUT THE GALACTIC SPACE SHIP AND THE DOXIANS WHO RAN IT... BUT NOT QUITE ALL...

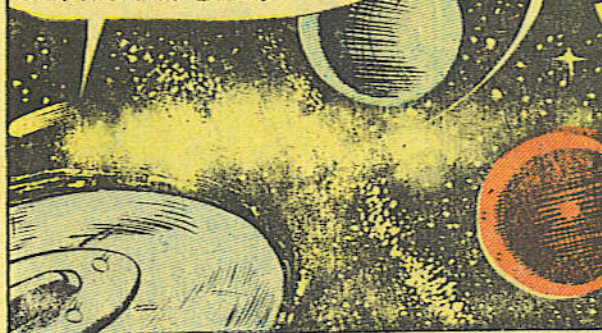
THE I.G. MOTOR USES CENTRIFUGAL FORCE. IT SPINS TO INCREDIBLE SPEEDS AND LETS GO! THE GRAVIGLINS WORK THE SAME WAY!

BUT THESE DOXIANS SHUT UP LIKE A SPACE-HATCH WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT THE DEVILS ON ZOD!



I SUPPOSE THAT YELLOW STAR IS ALGOL, ERDA. THE DULL COMPANION MAKES THEM PULSATE, WHEN WE VIEW THEM AS A SINGLE STAR FROM MY EARTH.

VERY INTERESTING, REX. WE CALL THE DULL STAR LOGLA...



...AND NOW YOU SEE DOX AND ZOD, THE TWIN PLANETS THAT CIRCLE EACH OTHER AS THEY REVOLVE AROUND ALGOL. THEIR GRAVITY IS CAUSING OUR I.G. MOTOR TO SLOW DOWN!

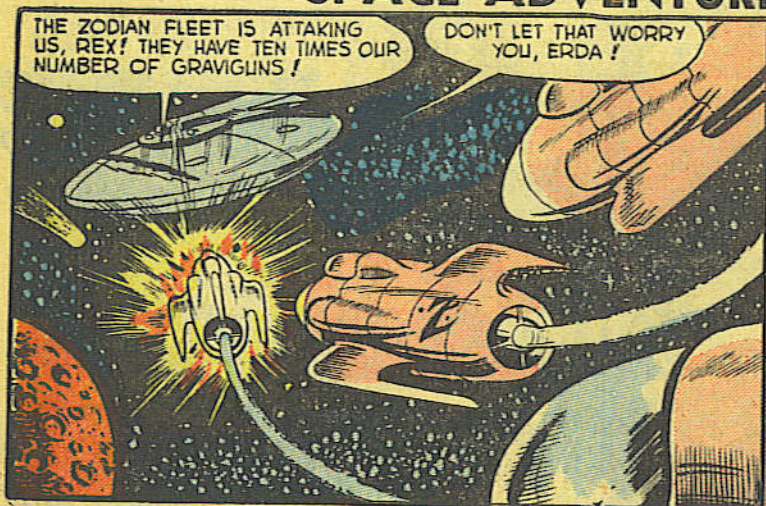


SPACE ADVENTURES

THE ZODIAN FLEET IS ATTACKING US, REX! THEY HAVE TEN TIMES OUR NUMBER OF GRAVIGUNS!

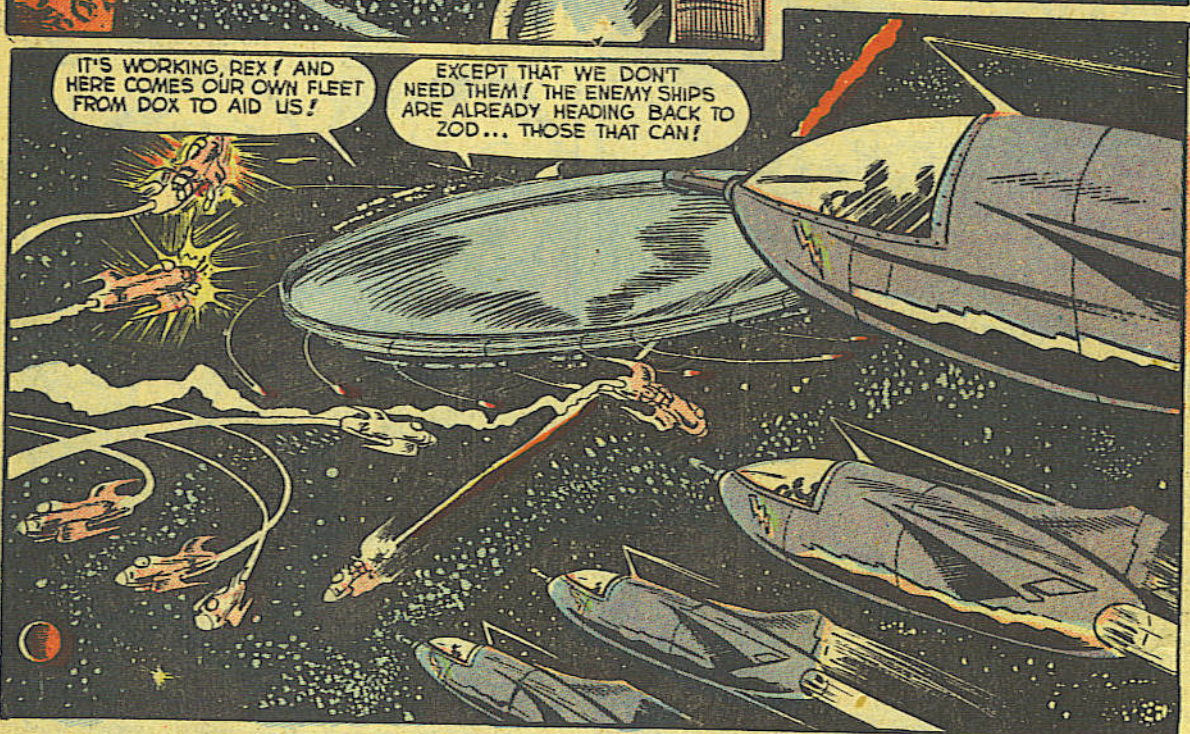
DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, ERDA!

SPIN YOUR I.G. MOTOR FULL TILT AND RELEASE SPACE BOMBS THROUGH THE SIDE HATCHES. THE WHOLE SHIP WILL BECOME A MAMMOTH GRAVIGUN!



IT'S WORKING, REX! AND HERE COMES OUR OWN FLEET FROM DOX TO AID US!

EXCEPT THAT WE DON'T NEED THEM! THE ENEMY SHIPS ARE ALREADY HEADING BACK TO ZOD... THOSE THAT CAN!

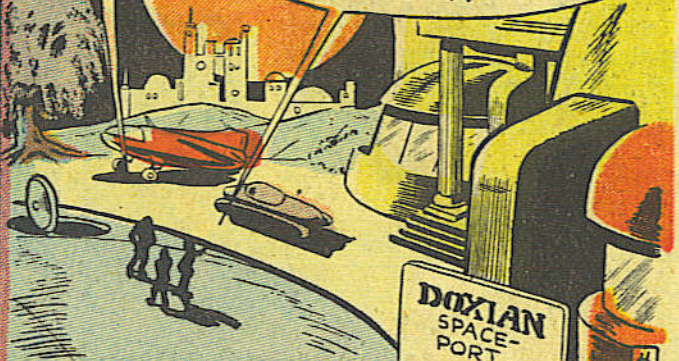
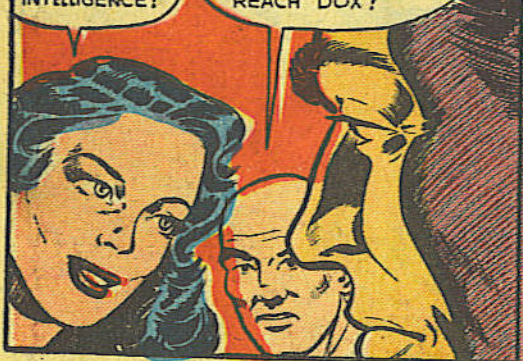


MY APOLOGIES, REX, FOR BELITTLING YOUR INTELLIGENCE!

AND MINE FOR BRANDING YOU A ZODIAN. WE SHALL INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR COUNCIL WHEN WE REACH DOX!

WHAT AN AMAZING WORLD THIS DOX OF YOURS, ERDA!

YES, BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY OF IT LEFT TO ADMIRE UNLESS THE COUNCIL DOES SOMETHING DRASTIC. SO HURRY!



SPACE ADVENTURES

THE ZODIANS HAVE GRAVIGUNS LIKE OURS... AND MANY MORE. NOW THAT THEY KNOW WE CAN APPLY THE PRINCIPLE TO SPACE SHIPS, THEY WILL ATTACK US IN FULL FORCE!



THESE REPRESENT THE PATHS OF THEIR INVASION AND OUR ROUTES OF COUNTER-ATTACK.

I HAVE AN IDEA.

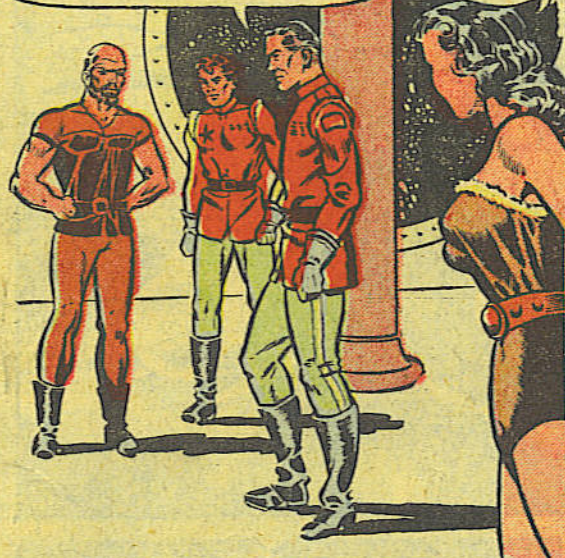


FIT ME UP A SHELL SHIP FOR AN I.G. MOTOR. LOAD IT WITH SPACE BOMBS. SPEED AND I WILL SERVE AS CREW AND STOP THAT INVASION COLD!

OH, REX... I ONLY HOPE YOU CAN!

YOU CERTAINLY PICKED THE QUICKEST POSSIBLE THING TO ASSEMBLE, REX! BUT HOW IS IT GOING TO HELP?

WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE TEST IT, SPEED.



SHE TAKES OFF NICELY, BUT WHERE DO WE GO NOW, REX?

TO THE MID-POINT BETWEEN THE PLANETS DOX AND ZOD.



THIS CHEESE-BOX REMINDS ME OF THE OLD MONITOR THAT WE READ ABOUT IN OUR ANCIENT HISTORY. THE MONITOR SURE COULD REPEL RAIDERS!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I HOPE TO DO WITH THIS, SPEED.

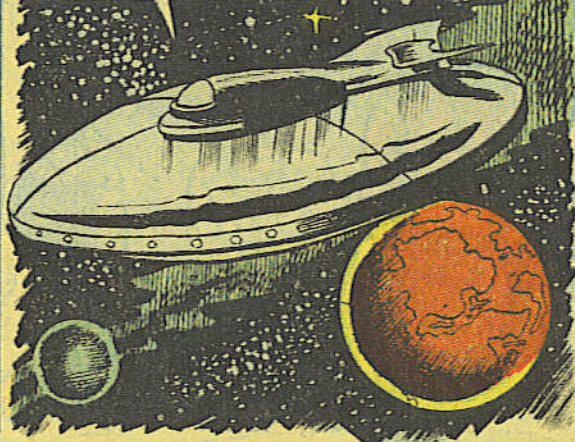


SPACE ADVENTURES

WHY, WE'RE PRACTICALLY FLOATING IN MID-SPACE!
YOU'VE CUT THE MOTOR DOWN TO NOTHING! HOW
COME?

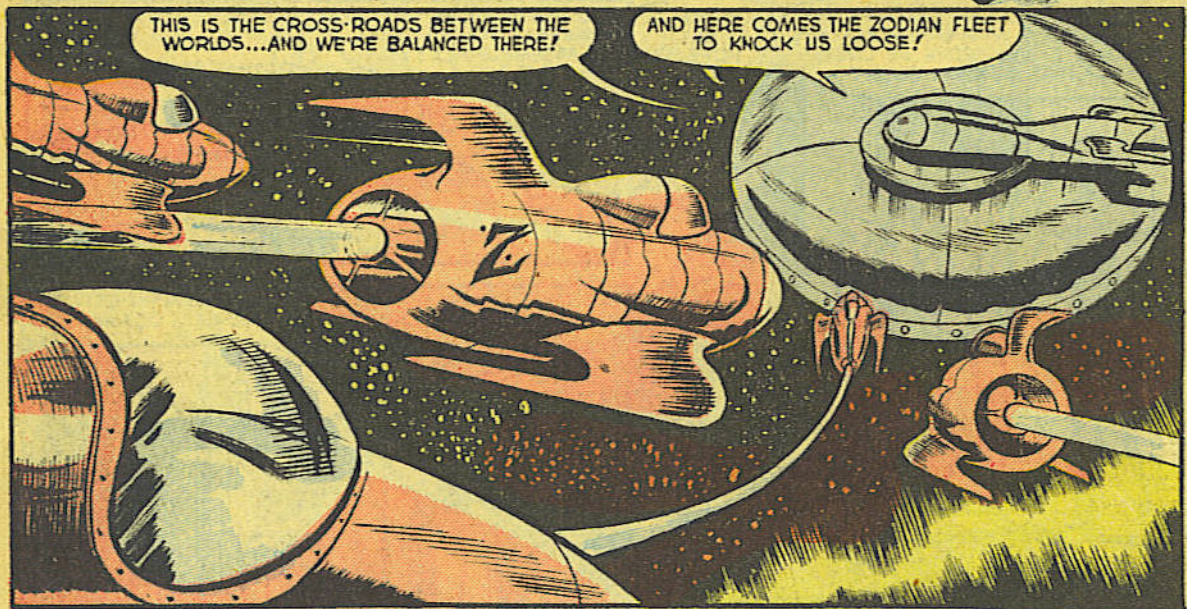


BECAUSE I'VE FOUND THE SPOT I WANTED, SPEED...
THE CENTER OF GRAVITY BETWEEN THE TWIN PLANETS
DOX AND ZOD.

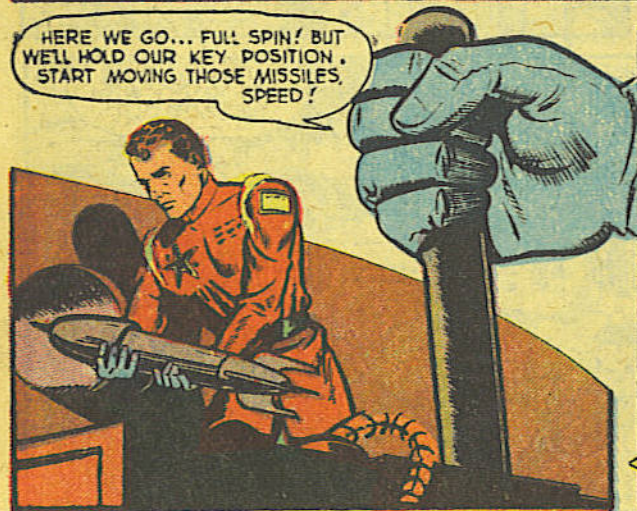


THIS IS THE CROSS-ROADS BETWEEN THE
WORLDS...AND WE'RE BALANCED THERE!

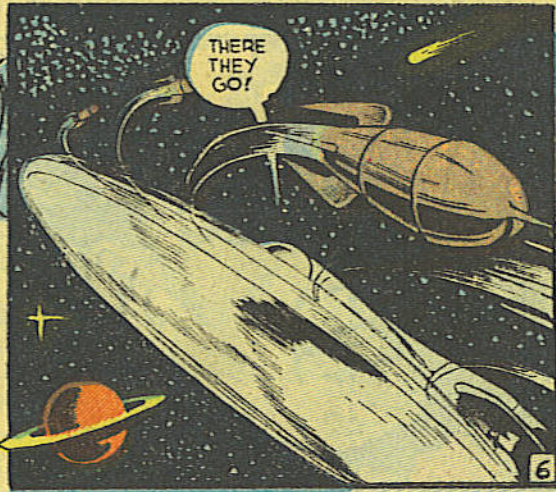
AND HERE COMES THE ZODIAN FLEET
TO KNOCK US LOOSE!



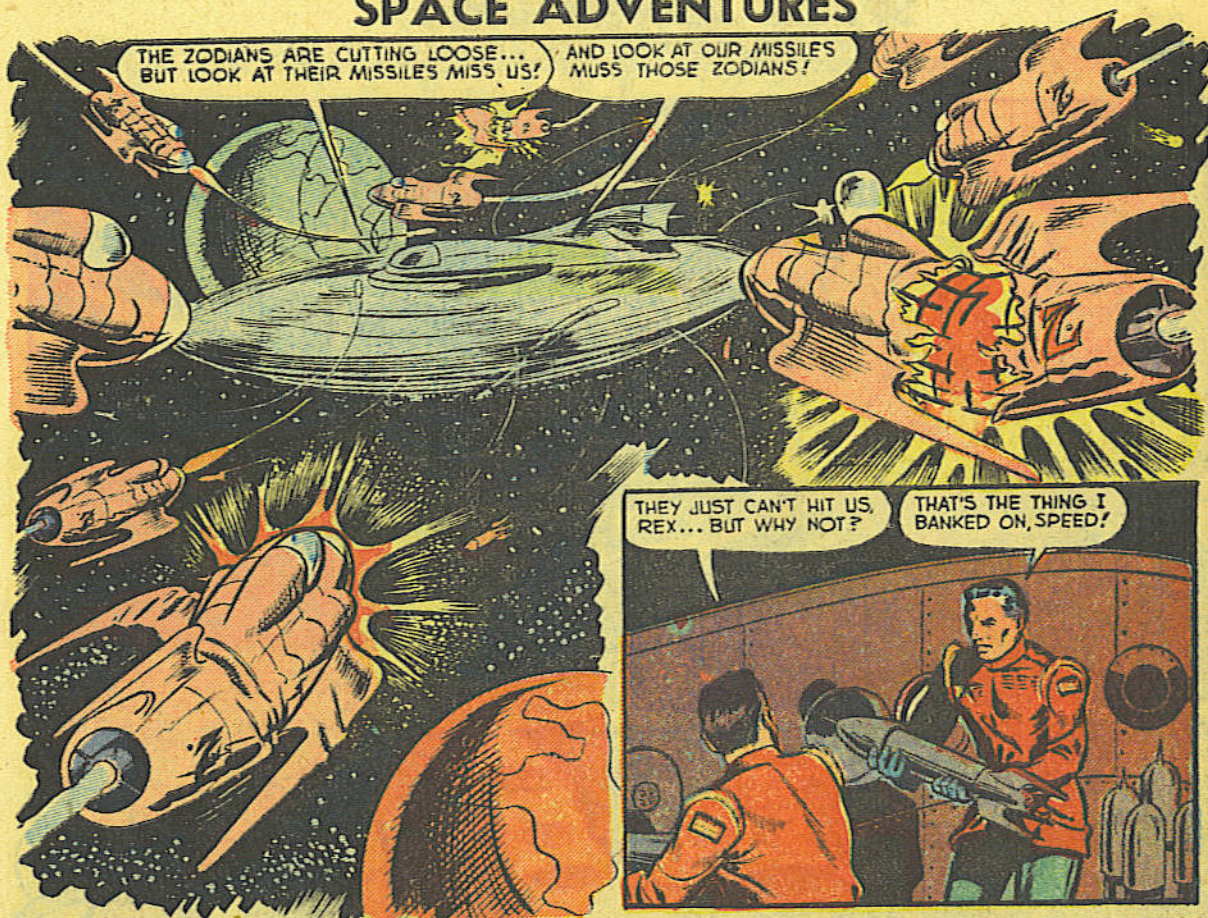
HERE WE GO... FULL SPIN! BUT
WE'LL HOLD OUR KEY POSITION.
START MOVING THOSE MISSILES,
SPEED!



THERE
THEY
GO!



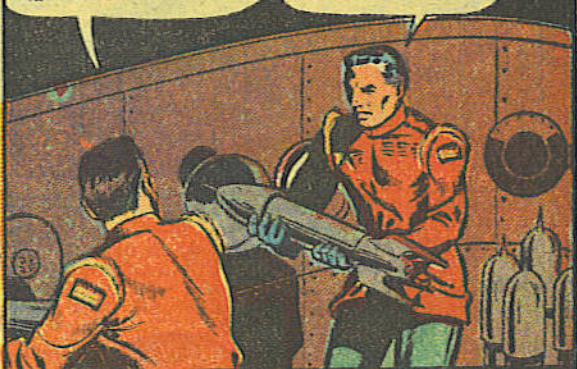
SPACE ADVENTURES



THE ZODIANS ARE CUTTING LOOSE... BUT LOOK AT THEIR MISSILES MISS US! AND LOOK AT OUR MISSILES MUSS THOSE ZODIANS!

THEY JUST CAN'T HIT US, REX... BUT WHY NOT?

THAT'S THE THING I BANKED ON, SPEED!



SWIFT THOUGH THEY ARE, MISSILES FROM GRAVIGUNS ARE SUBJECT TO GRAVITY. WE'RE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, EACH OF WHICH DRAWS THOSE SHELLS AWAY. THIS IS THE ONE UNREACHABLE SPOT FOR SUCH WEAPONS!

HERE COME THE ZODIAN SHIPS, BUT THEY'RE ALL CRIPPLED, ERDA!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, DAV?

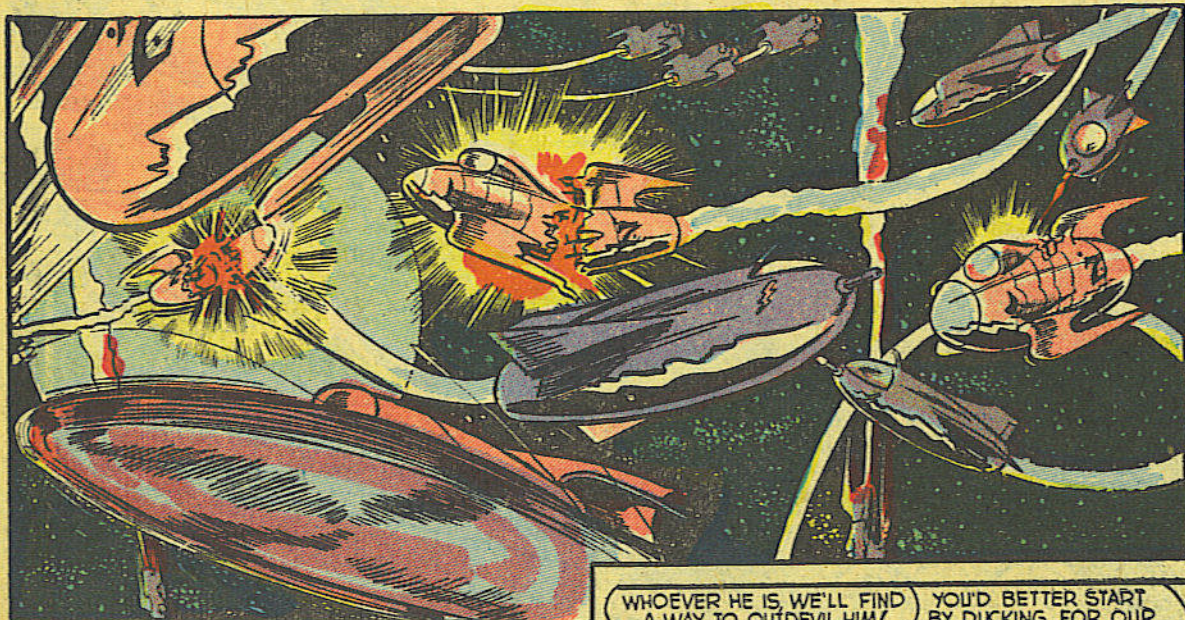


WHAT WE CAN'T RUIN, WE'LL DRIVE CLEAR BACK TO ZOD! THANKS TO REX CLIVE!



SPACE ADVENTURES

**HERDED TOWARD THE SPACE MONITOR BY CONVERGING UNITS OF THE DOXIAN FLEET, THE REMAINING ZOD-
IANS TAKE A FINAL BLASTING FROM REX'S UNTOUCHABLE CRAFT AND FLEE FLEE-MELL FOR HOME!**



ON BOARD THE ZODIAN FLAGSHIP...

WE MUST RETREAT, MASTER DEVIL MASTER! THE DOXIANS HAVE OUT-
GUESSED US!

NOT THE DOX-
IANS... BUT SOME-
ONE IN THAT CHEESE-
BOX... A STRANGER
WITH A MIND MORE
DEVILISH THAN OUR
OWN!



WHOEVER HE IS, WE'LL FIND
A WAY TO OUTDEVIL HIM!

YOU'D BETTER START
BY DUCKING FOR OUR
REALM BELOW... AND FAST!
THOSE DOXIANS ARE
HOT AFTER US!



THAT OUGHT TO SETTLE THOSE
ZODIAN DEVILS FOR A WHILE
TO COME!

BUT YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN
THEY'LL CROP UP AGAIN.



IN RETURN FOR SAVING
OUR PLANET DOX, WE
SHALL BUILD YOU A
SPECIAL I.G. SHIP TO
RETURN TO YOUR EARTH.

THANKS, ERDA, BUT
DON'T MAKE IT A
RUSH JOB. NOW
THAT I'M HERE I
HAVE A GOOD
REASON TO
STAY.

I CAN
SEE THE
REASON.



THE
END

SPACE ADVENTURES

THE MOON HOPPERS

SATURN, THE GREAT RINGED PLANET, IS STILL TOO GASEOUS TO BE SETTLED BY HUMAN BEINGS... ITS NINE MOONS, THOUGH, ARE INHABITED AND IN THE YEAR 2553 THEY ARE PATROLLED BY SPEEDY CRAFT CALLED "MOON HOPPERS" WHICH ARE FAST ENOUGH TO SLITHER THROUGH SATURN'S POWERFUL FIELD OF GRAVITY... BUT NOW, SPACE HOPPERS HAVE BEGUN TO MISS THEIR MARKS! A HURRY CALL HAS BROUGHT REX CLIVE, SPACE KING, TO THE AREA OF DANGER...

LOOK, REX! THERE'S A MOON HOPPER MISSING TETHYS AND GOING TO DESTRUCTION ON SATURN! WHY DON'T WE LAND ON TITAN, THE BIG MOON JUST AHEAD?

NOT A CHANCE, SPEED! IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH SOMEONE ON TITAN IS **SENDING** THOSE MOON HOPPERS TO THEIR DOOM!

CAPPELLO
Giordano

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE TITAN A WIDE BERTH AND HEAD FOR SATURN'S **OUTER MOON**. THERE'S THE NEAREST OF THEM, HYPERION. WE'LL LAND ON IT!

A WISE CHOICE ON THE PART OF REX CLIVE! IT WAS ALL THAT SAVED HIM AND SPEED LANSING FROM THE UTTER DISASTER THAT LURKED ON TITAN, GREATEST OF SATURN'S MOONS!

THE SPACE OFFICERS SUSPECT THE TRAP, NOXOR!

THEY WILL BE BACK, ORJ. THEY ARE VERY PERSISTENT PEOPLE... AND **SO ARE WE!**



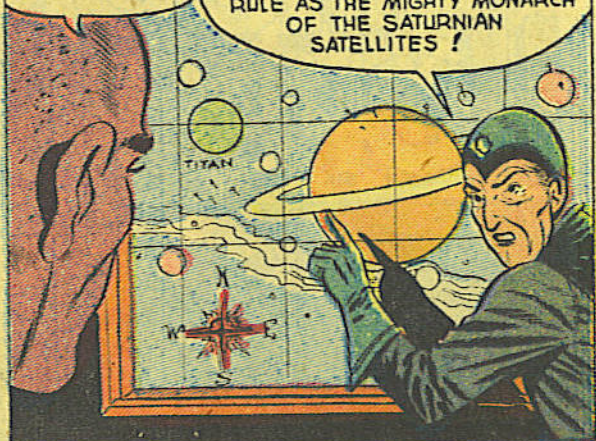
SPACE ADVENTURES

OUR REPELLO WAVES ARE KNOCKING OUT THE MOON HOPPERS AND OUR HOME FLEET CAN ATTACK ANY SUPERPOWERED SHIPS THAT PENETRATE OUR R-WAVE SCREEN!



BUT WHAT IF OTHER PLANETS SEND SPACEFLEETS TO ATTACK US?

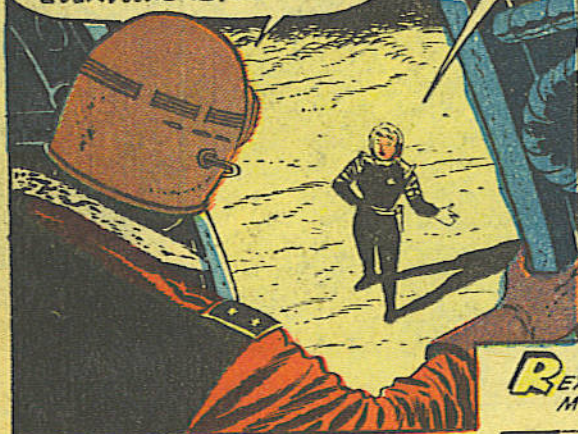
WE SHALL NOT GIVE THEM TIME! ONCE WE HAVE CAPTURED THE OUTER MOONS, TITAN WILL BE SUPREME AND I SHALL RULE AS THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SATURNIAN SATELLITES!



MEANWHILE... REX AND SPEED ARE LANDING ON HYPERION...

WHY IT'S STELLA DAWN OF THE SPACE TRANSPORT AUXILIARY RESERVE! YOU STARS GET EVERYWHERE, DON'T YOU?

RIGHT NOW WE HAPPEN TO BE GETTING NOWHERE!



OUR SPACELINER, THE NEPTUNIA IS STRANDED HERE ON HYPERION BECAUSE A LOONY MOON DICTATOR NAMED NOXOR WON'T LET US LAND ON TITAN!

ATTENTION! PLEASE!

HERE COMES A NEWSFLASH FROM TITAN NOW!



REX AND SPEED WORK SECRETLY TO CONVERT A MOON HOPPER INTO A SUPER SKYCHASER...

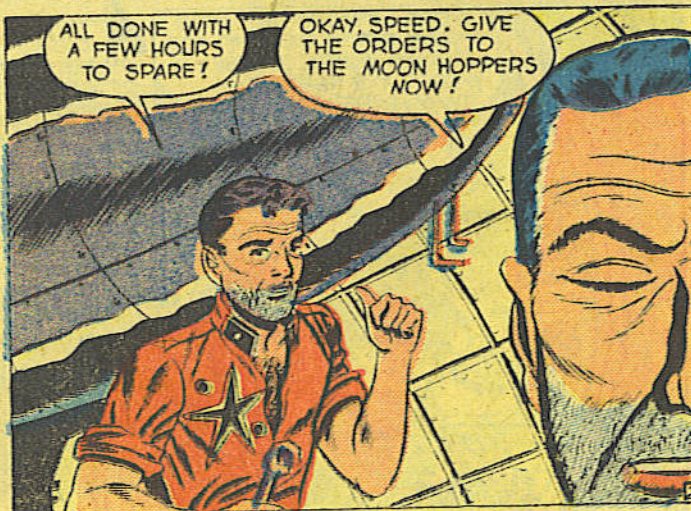
BY ORDER OF NOXOR, THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SATURNIAN SATELLITES, ALL ALIENS MUST BE GONE FROM HYPERION WITHIN FORTY EIGHT HOURS!

THAT GIVES US JUST TWO DAYS TO GET OUR SUPERJET READY FOR A QUICK TRIP TO TITAN!



ALL DONE WITH A FEW HOURS TO SPARE!

OKAY, SPEED. GIVE THE ORDERS TO THE MOON HOPPERS NOW!



SPACE ADVENTURES



THERE'S SPEED LEAVING THE SECRET HANGER! THOSE ARE PROBABLY GUARDS, MOVING UP THERE. STILL THEY *MIGHT* BE SPIES FROM TITAN. I'D BETTER CHECK!



AND, INSIDE...

REX!
LOOK
OUT!



THEY WERE TITAN SPIES, ALRIGHT, AND YOU SURE SETTLED THEM FAST! BUT LOOK... THERE GOES ANOTHER!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO STOP HIM! COME ON, STELLA, WE HAVE TO TAKE OFF RIGHT AWAY. WE CAN'T WAIT FOR SPEED TO GET BACK!



LIKE A STREAKING METEOR, REX'S SUPER-JET TAKES OFF FROM HYPERION FOR TITAN...

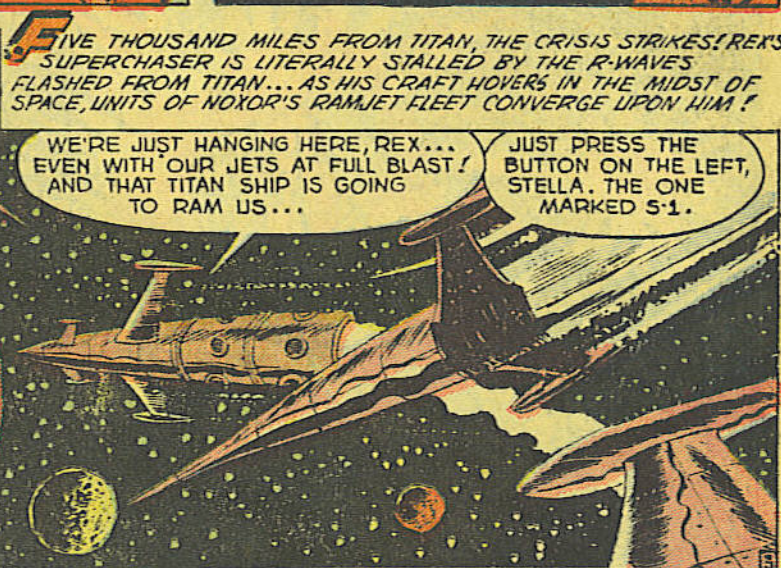
BUT WHAT WILL SPEED DO WHEN HE FINDS YOU GONE?

HE'LL COME ALONG WITH THE MOON HOPPERS, STELLA. BUT WE'VE GOT TO REACH TITAN FAST! THAT SPY MAY BE FLASHING NOXOR RIGHT NOW!



SPY 63-K-5 REPORTING TO NOXOR! REX CLIVE HAS TAKEN OFF FROM HYPERION IN SUPER SKY-CHASER BOUND FOR TITAN!

ORDER OUT OUR RAMJETS, ORJ. THEY'LL SPIKE REX CLIVE AND HIS PLANS!



FIVE THOUSAND MILES FROM TITAN, THE CRISIS STRIKES! REX'S SUPERCHASER IS LITERALLY STALLED BY THE R-WAVES FLASHED FROM TITAN... AS HIS CRAFT HOVERS IN THE MIDST OF SPACE, UNITS OF NOXOR'S RAMJET FLEET CONVERGE UPON HIM!

WE'RE JUST HANGING HERE, REX... EVEN WITH OUR JETS AT FULL BLAST! AND THAT TITAN SHIP IS GOING TO RAM US...

JUST PRESS THE BUTTON ON THE LEFT, STELLA. THE ONE MARKED S-1.

SPACE ADVENTURES

AS STELLA PRESSED THE BUTTON, THE SKYCHASER SPURTS FROM ITS SHELL, LEAVING A GAP THROUGH WHICH THE RAMJET WHIZZES HARMLESSLY!

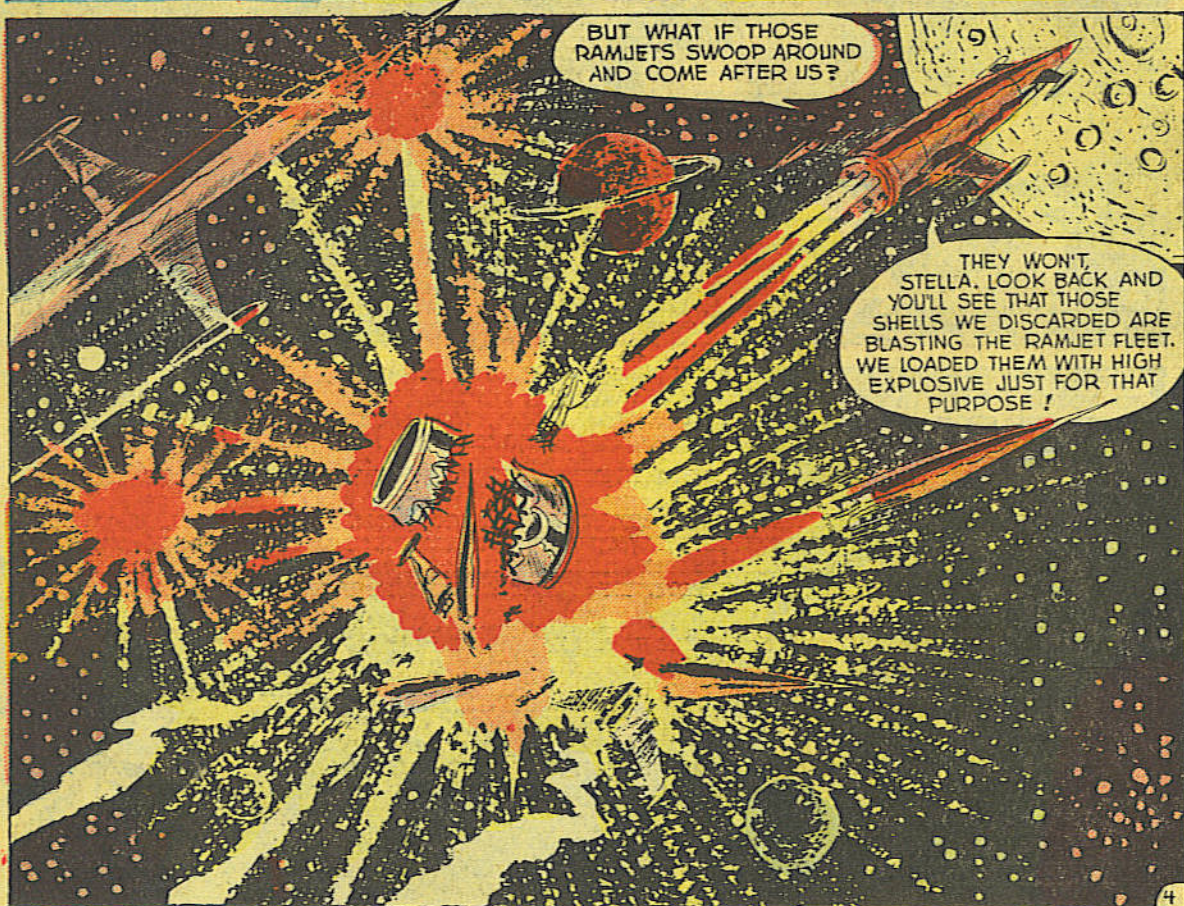
WHY, SOMETHING SHOT US RIGHT FORWARD LIKE A ROCKET!

EXACTLY, STELLA. THIS SHIP IS BUILT ON THE STEPROCKET PRINCIPLE. NOW PRESS THE BUTTON MARKED S-2.

THEN THE MAIN SECTION OF THE SKYCHASER PROJECTS ITSELF FORWARD, WHILE A THWARTED RAMJET SPEARS THE VOID!

IT WORKED AGAIN... AND WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH THE R-WAVES!

THAT ADDED JET POWER WAS ALL WE NEEDED.

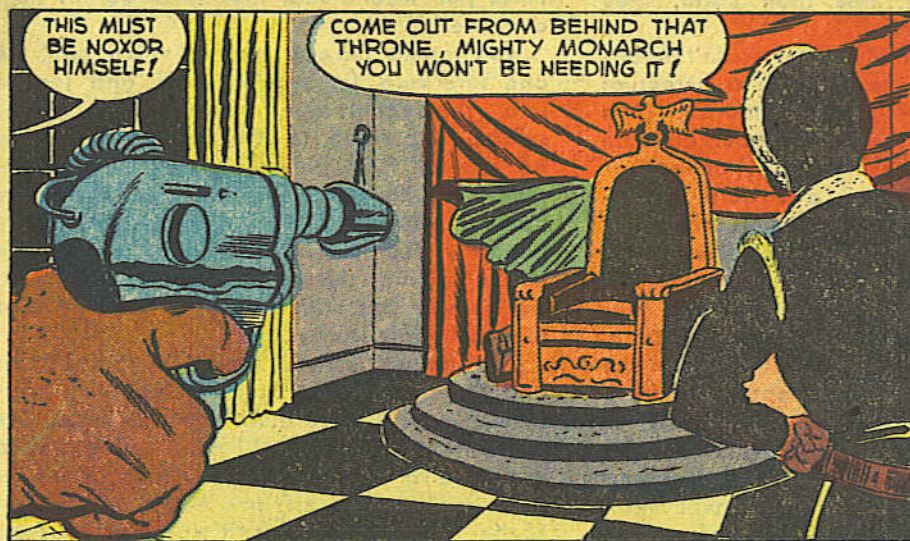


BUT WHAT IF THOSE RAMJETS SWOOP AROUND AND COME AFTER US?

THEY WON'T, STELLA. LOOK BACK AND YOU'LL SEE THAT THOSE SHELLS WE DISCARDED ARE BLASTING THE RAMJET FLEET. WE LOADED THEM WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVE JUST FOR THAT PURPOSE!

SPACE ADVENTURES

JETTING INTO TITAN, REX MAKES A LANDING OUTSIDE NOYOR'S PALACE...

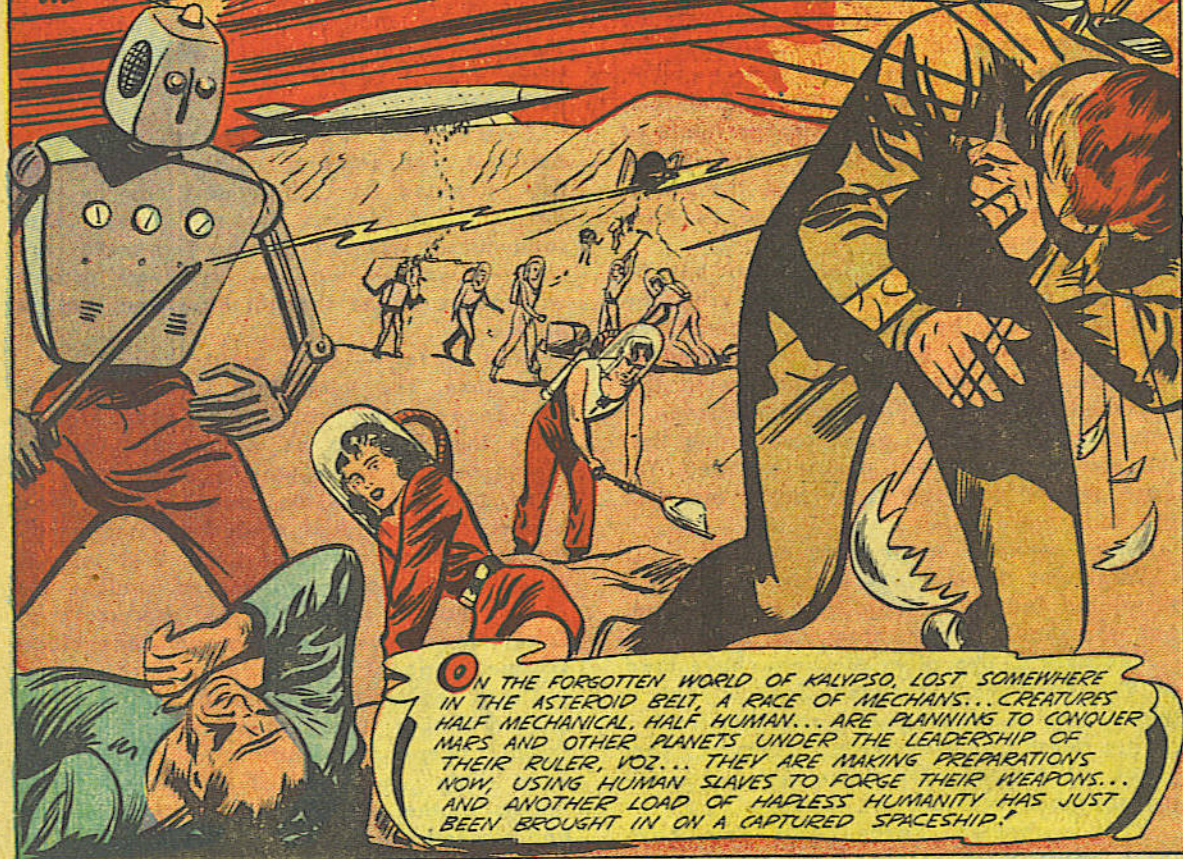


A GAIN. THE SPEEDY MOON HOPPERS PLY AMONG SATURN'S SATELLITES... ONCE MORE THE FREEDOM OF THE SPACEWAYS HAS BEEN UPHOLD BY THE SPACE OFFICERS... WITH THE AID OF THE STARS!

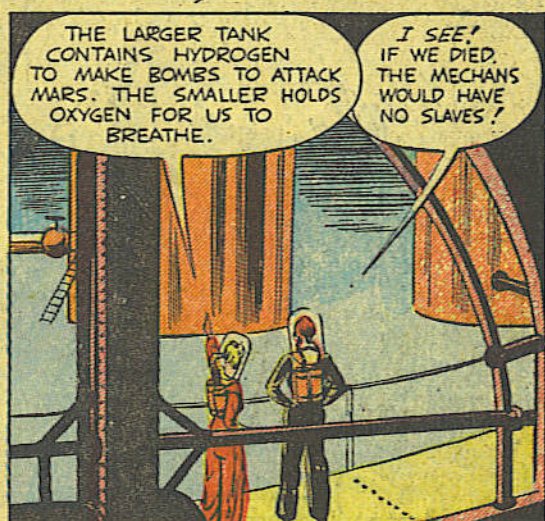
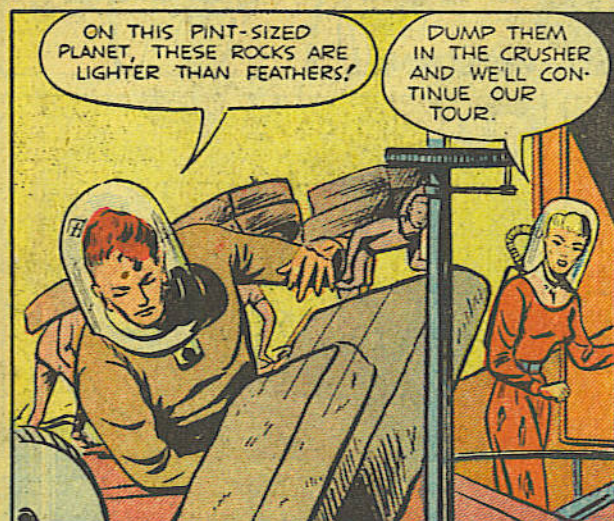


SPACE ADVENTURES

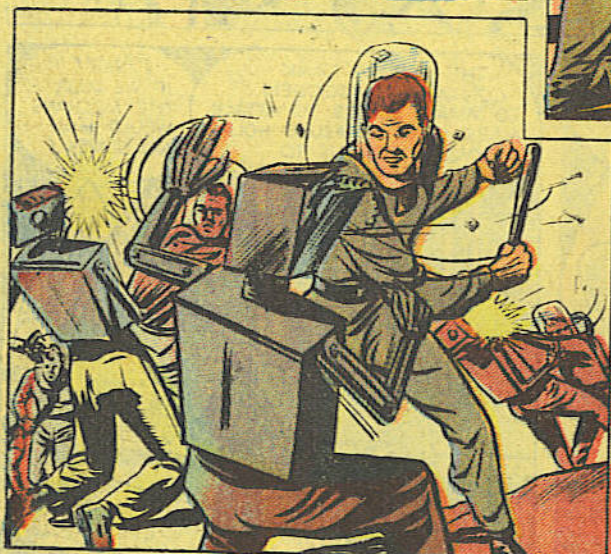
THE MONSTERS of KALYPSO



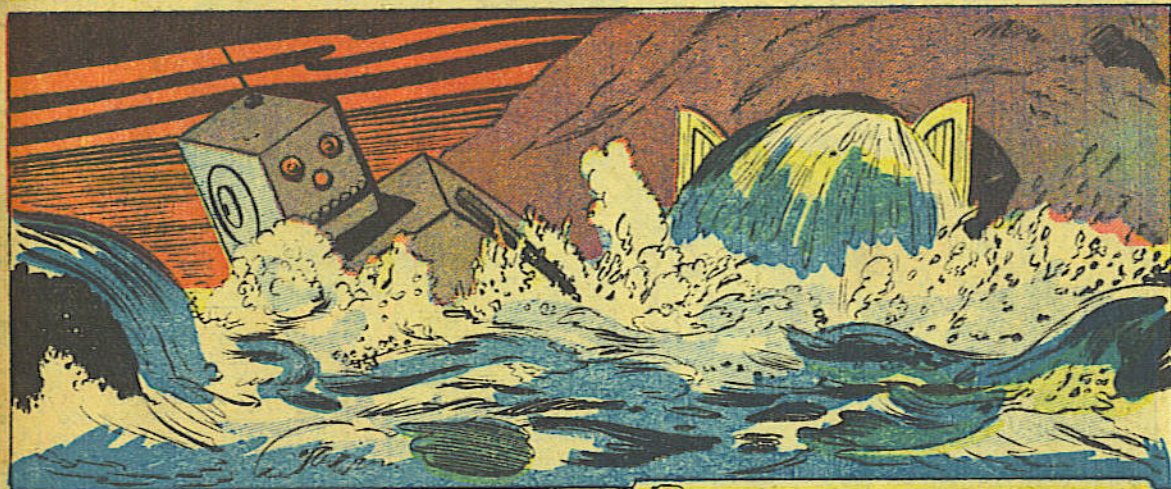
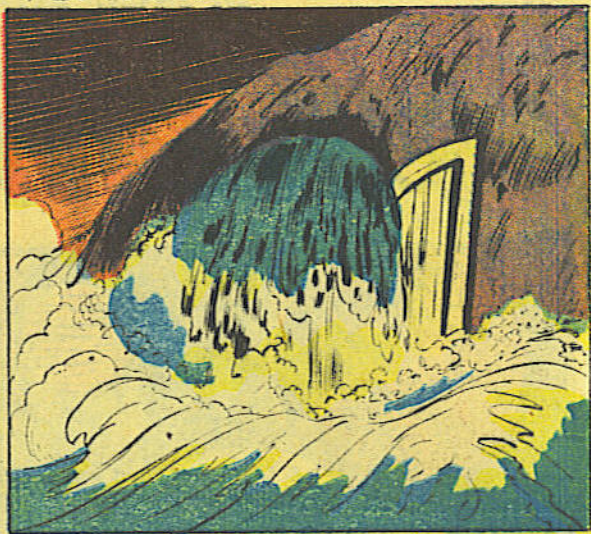
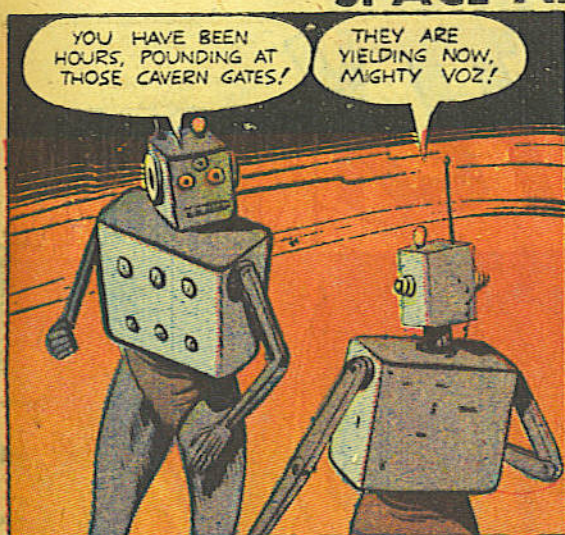
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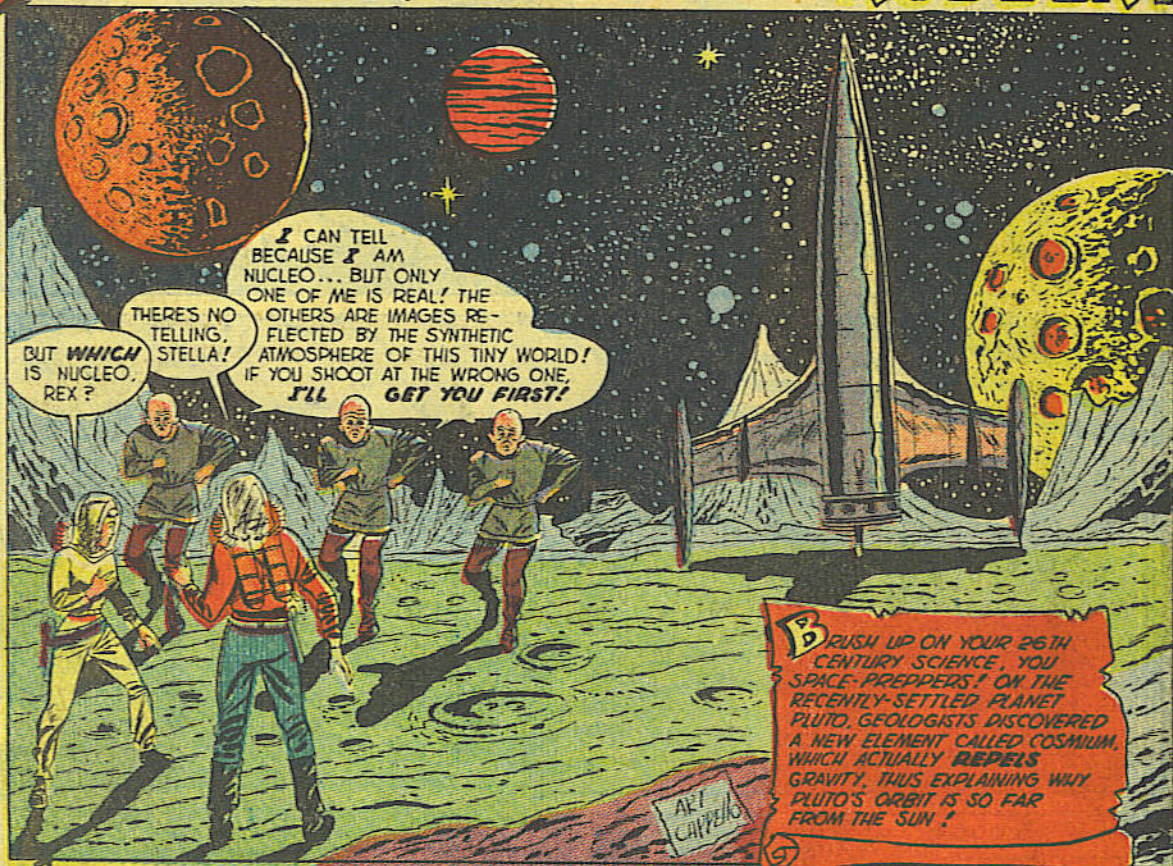
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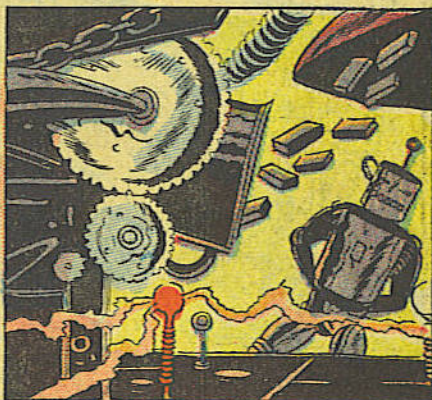
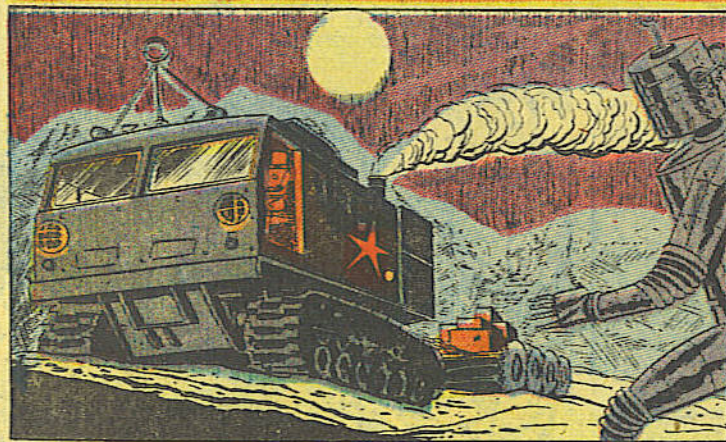
The Great GRAVITEX ROBBERY



B RUSH UP ON YOUR 26TH CENTURY SCIENCE, YOU SPACE-PREPPERS! ON THE RECENTLY SETTLED PLANET PLUTO, GEOLOGISTS DISCOVERED A NEW ELEMENT CALLED COSMIUM, WHICH ACTUALLY REPELS GRAVITY, THUS EXPLAINING WHY PLUTO'S ORBIT IS SO FAR FROM THE SUN!

NOW THE COSMIUM IS MINED BY ROBOTS AND LOADED INTO SPACE BARGES WHICH ARE TOWED BILLIONS OF MILES TO THE PLANET MINERVA (FORMERLY CALLED EARTH)...

...AND THERE THE COSMIUM IS PROCESSED AND REDUCED TO A SUBSTANCE CALLED **GRAVITEX** WHICH IS SO PURE THAT IT WOULD SAIL OFF INTO SPACE UNLESS HELD DOWN!



SPACE ADVENTURES

BUT IN THE MONTH OF AUGRIL IN THE YEAR 2553 A.D., A CRISIS THREATENS THE MINERVA GRAVITEX REFINERY!



IN ONE MONTH, COMMISSIONER, WE'VE ADDED **FIFTY** TONS OF GRAVITEX TO OUR STOCKPILE!

BUT THE **MORE** YOU HAVE, THE **LESS** IT SHOULD WEIGH, BECAUSE IT NEUTRALIZES GRAVITY! SEND FOR REX CLIVE!



SOMEBODY SUBSTITUTED ALL THIS FAKE STUFF FOR REAL GRAVITEX, REX! HE CAN CONSTRUCT SPACE BASES BIG ENOUGH TO DESTROY ANY WORLD!

THIS IS THE WORK OF NUCLEO, THE MAD MARTIAN. I'VE HEARD HE IS AT LARGE AGAIN!



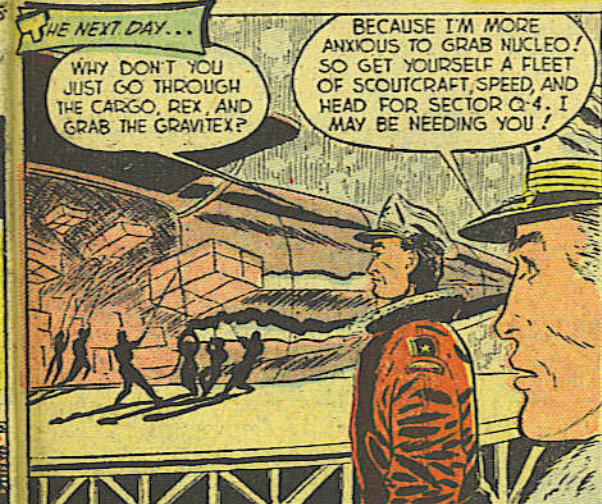
REX CLIVE IS GETTING VERY WARM, NUCLEO!

GOOD! HE'LL FIND HIMSELF IN SOMETHING HOTTER THAN A SUNSPOT!



THESE RECORDS WILL SHOW THE DATES OF THE ROBBERIES. I'LL TAKE IT FROM THERE! NUCLEO TIMED THOSE JOBS TO SHIP THE GRAVITEX ON SPACELINERS PASSING THROUGH SECTOR Q-4 OF THE ASTEROID BELT!

THE LINER **PLUTONIA** LEAVES ON THAT RUN TOMORROW. WE'D BETTER SHIP ON BOARD HER, REX!



THE NEXT DAY...

WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO THROUGH THE CARGO, REX, AND GRAB THE GRAVITEX?

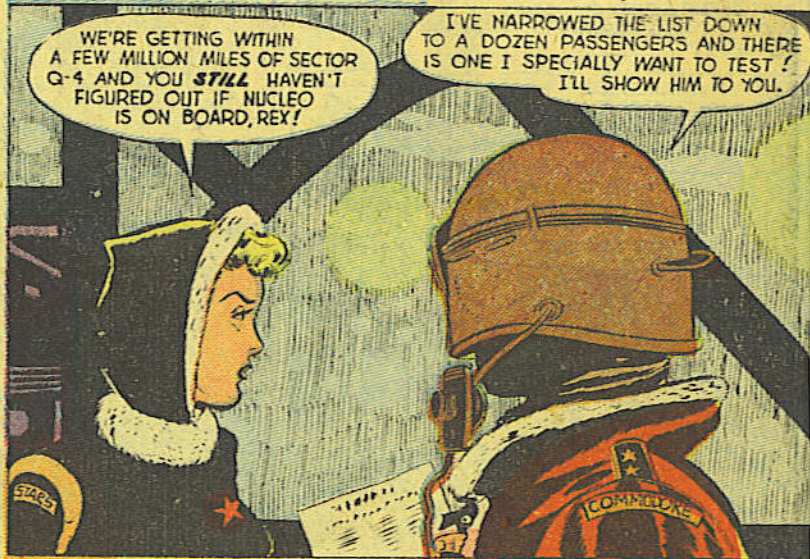
BECAUSE I'M MORE ANXIOUS TO GRAB NUCLEO! SO GET YOURSELF A FLEET OF SCOUTCRAFT, SPEED, AND HEAD FOR SECTOR Q-4. I MAY BE NEEDING YOU!



HEH! NOT ONE PERSON IN A THOUSAND WOULD TAKE ME FOR NUCLEO. BUT IF ANYONE SHOULD, IT WILL BE TOO BAD... **FOR THEM.**

SPACE ADVENTURES

SO THE SPACELINER PLURONIA ZOOMED OFF FROM MINERVA, BOUND FOR THE REMOTE SPACIAL REGIONS BEYOND THE ASTEROIDS, CARRYING BOTH THE HUNTERS AND THE HUNTED WITH THE FATES OF WORLDS AT STAKE!



WE'RE GETTING WITHIN A FEW MILLION MILES OF SECTOR Q-4 AND YOU **STILL** HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT IF NUCLEO IS ON BOARD, REX!

I'VE NARROWED THE LIST DOWN TO A DOZEN PASSENGERS AND THERE IS ONE I SPECIALLY WANT TO TEST! I'LL SHOW HIM TO YOU.

YOU MEAN AB AGOR, THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR? WHY, HE'S JUST A POOR EARTHIAN INVALID ON HIS WAY TO SATURN.

AS SOON AS HE'S IN HIS CABIN, WE'LL GIVE HIM THE TEST!



WHY, YOU'VE REDUCED THE AIR PRESSURE IN AGOR'S CABIN TO **ONE-TENTH** THE NORMAL PRESSURE ON EARTH! HE WILL DIE!

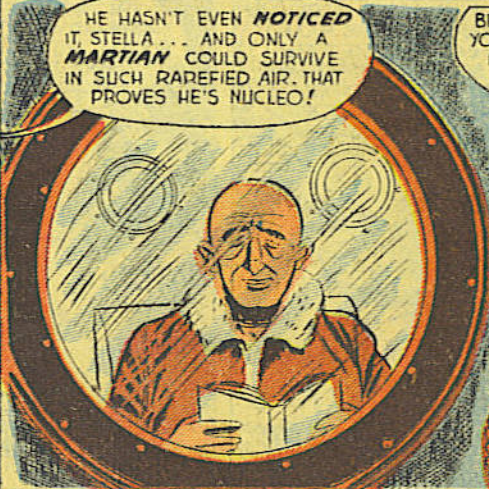
IF HE DOES, WE'LL WITNESS HIS DEATH THROES IN THIS SUPER X-RAY MACHINE. IT'S RIGHT AGAINST HIS CABIN WALL!



HE HASN'T EVEN **NOTICED** IT, STELLA... AND ONLY A **MARTIAN** COULD SURVIVE IN SUCH RAREFIED AIR. THAT PROVES HE'S NUCLEO!

BUT HOW DID YOU SUSPECT HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

BECAUSE OF THE INVALID GAG. ALL MARTIANS DRAG THEIR FEET ON EARTH BECAUSE OF ITS GREATER GRAVITY, SO NUCLEO HAD HIMSELF **WHEELED** ON BOARD SHIP TO FOOL US.



SPACE ADVENTURES



YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT NUCLEO! HERE HE COMES NOW!

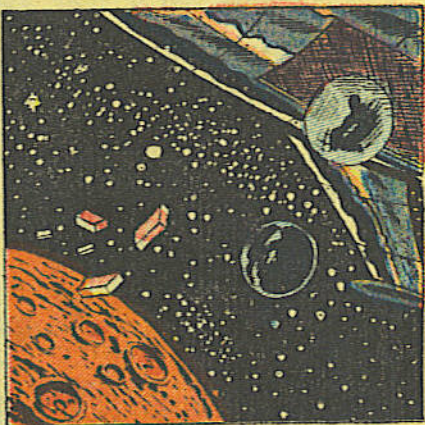
WE'LL FOLLOW HIM, STELLA!



THOSE BOXES MUST CONTAIN GRAVITEX! NUCLEO AND HIS STOOGES ARE GOING OVERBOARD WITH THEM! WHAT NOW, REX?

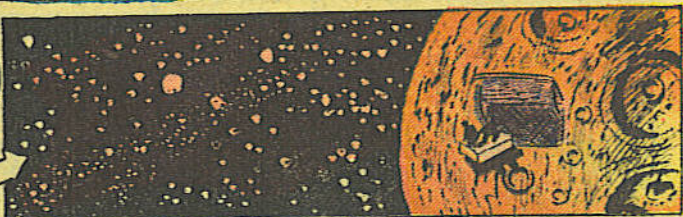
WE'LL GO AFTER THEM IN A COUPLE OF SPACE BUBBLES!

AS NUCLEO AND HIS COMPANION POP FROM THE SPACEHATCH, REX AND STELLA ROLL THEMSELVES INTO SPACE TO BEGIN ONE OF THE STRANGEST PURSUITS ON RECORD!



DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT A PAIR OF SPACENOOPERS ARE TAGGING US!

GOOD. THEY WILL BE HAPPY TO FIND THAT THIS LITTLE WORLD HAS AN ATMOSPHERE... UNTIL I RELEASE SOME OF MY PETS!



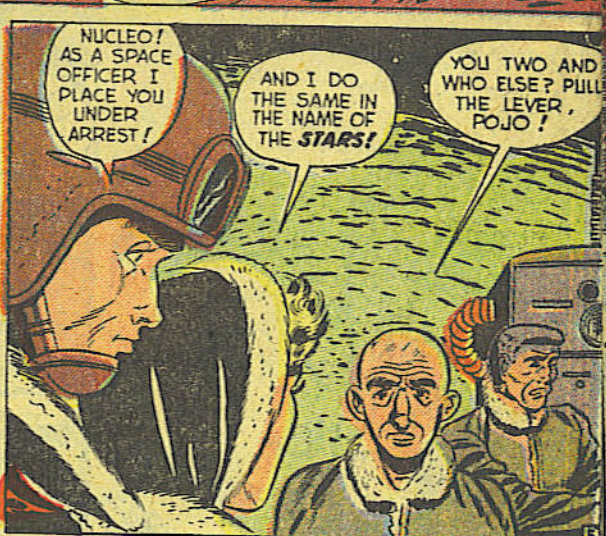
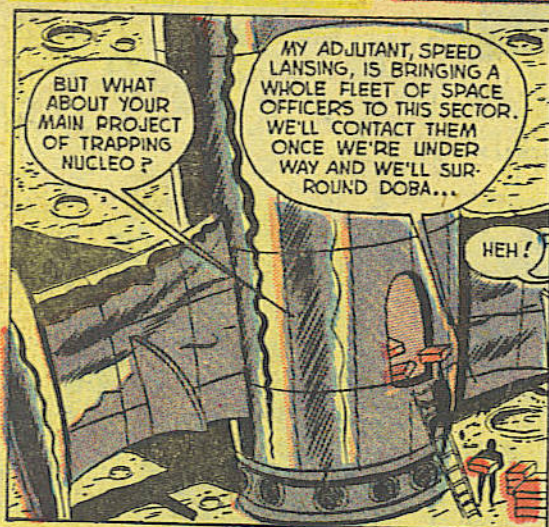
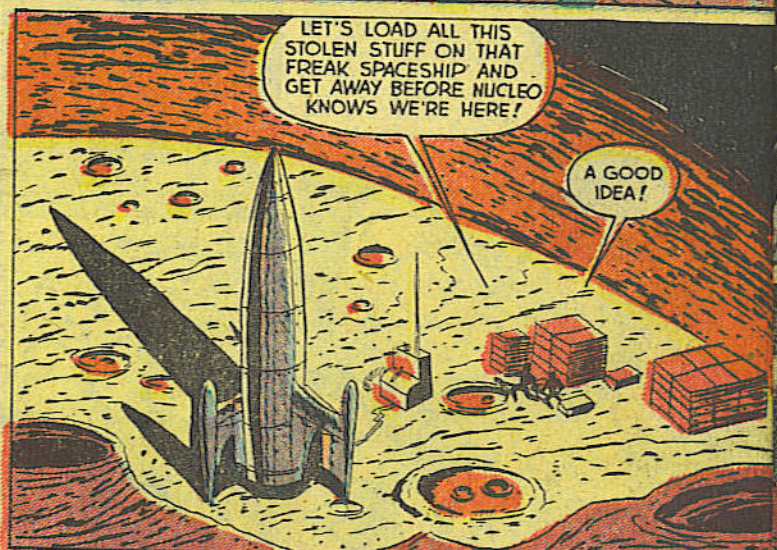
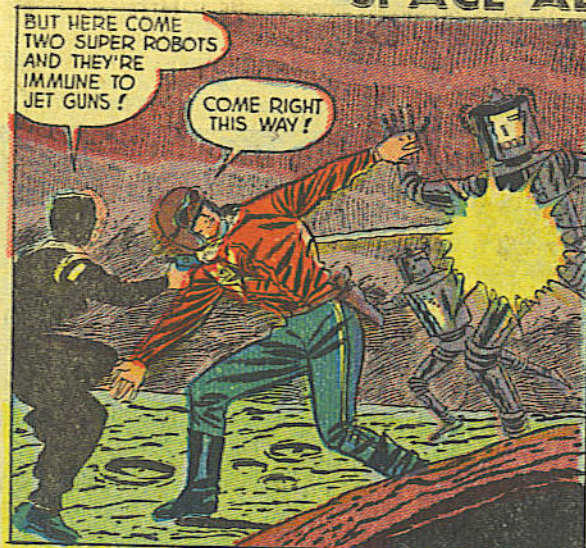
THIS MUST BE THE ASTEROID DOBA. ITS AIR IS UNQUESTIONABLY ARTIFICIAL OR SYNTHETIC...

NEVER MIND THE STATISTICS. LOOK WHAT'S COMING AT US!



THE LAST LIVING SPECIMEN OF THE SUPPOSEDLY EXTINCT LIZARDINES... NOW **TOTALLY** EXTINCT!

SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

AT NUCLEO'S COMMAND, THE CAVERN OPENS LIKE A GREAT DOME...



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MIRAGE EFFECT PRODUCED BY A SUDDEN INFLUX OF DOBA'S ATMOSPHERE? HEH! YOU'LL SOON BE SEEING MORE OF ME!



IT'S NO USE, STELLA! NUCLEO HAS TRICKED US WITH HIS MIRROR ATMOSPHERE. WE CAN'T RISK SHOOTING AT PHANTOMS! HE MAY NOT EVEN BE THERE!

I'M HERE ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU CAN'T GUESS WHICH I AM!



WHY DO YOU THINK I LET YOU LOAD ALL THOSE CRATES ON BOARD? BECAUSE I **PLANNED** TO LEAVE DOBA WITH MY FULL CARGO! THIS IS THE FASTEST SPACESHIP IN EXISTENCE. OPEN THE SUPER SUPERJETS, POJO, AND SHOW THEM!

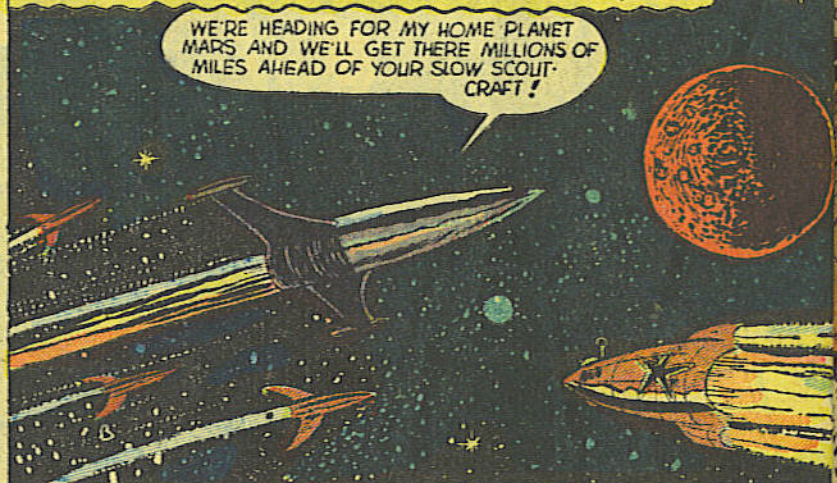


SPACE ADVENTURES

NUCLEO IS RIGHT! HIS SUPERSHIP TAKES OFF FASTER THAN A COMET...

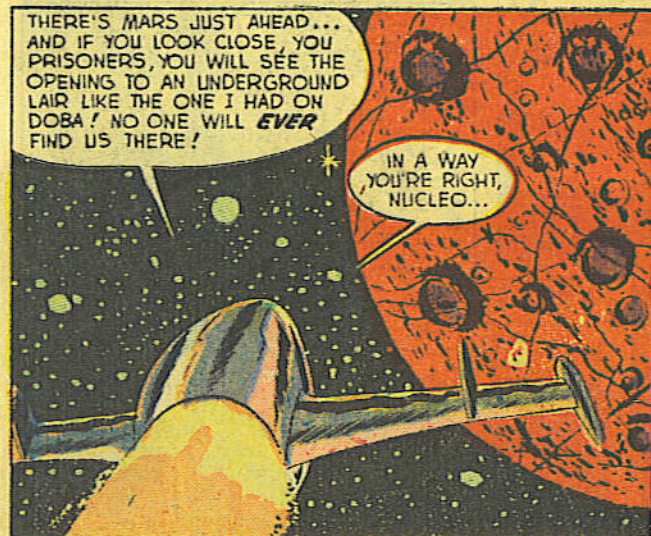


...AND SPEEDS RIGHT PAST THE OFFICERS' CONVERGING SCOUT-CRAFT AS THOUGH THEY WERE SO MUCH SPACEDRIFT!



WE'RE HEADING FOR MY HOME PLANET MARS AND WE'LL GET THERE MILLIONS OF MILES AHEAD OF YOUR SLOW SCOUT-CRAFT!

THERE'S MARS JUST AHEAD... AND IF YOU LOOK CLOSE, YOU PRISONERS, YOU WILL SEE THE OPENING TO AN UNDERGROUND LAIR LIKE THE ONE I HAD ON DOBA! NO ONE WILL **EVER** FIND US THERE!



IN A WAY, YOU'RE RIGHT, NUCLEO...

BECAUSE WE'RE NEVER GOING TO GET THERE! COME ON, STELLA... WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS SPACE-PACKET!

WHY, YOU FOOLS! WE'LL BE INSIDE MARS IN A FEW MINUTES!



KEEP HEADING RIGHT INTO MARS, POJO, YOU FOOL!

I CAN'T, NUCLEO! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WITH THE HELM!



HERE... YOU STRUGGLE WITH THIS CRAZY SPACE OFFICER, POJO, WHILE I GUIDE THE SHIP IN!



SPACE ADVENTURES

IT'S NO USE, NUCLEO! YOU OVERLOOKED ONE IMPORTANT FACTOR WHICH I ANTICIPATED!



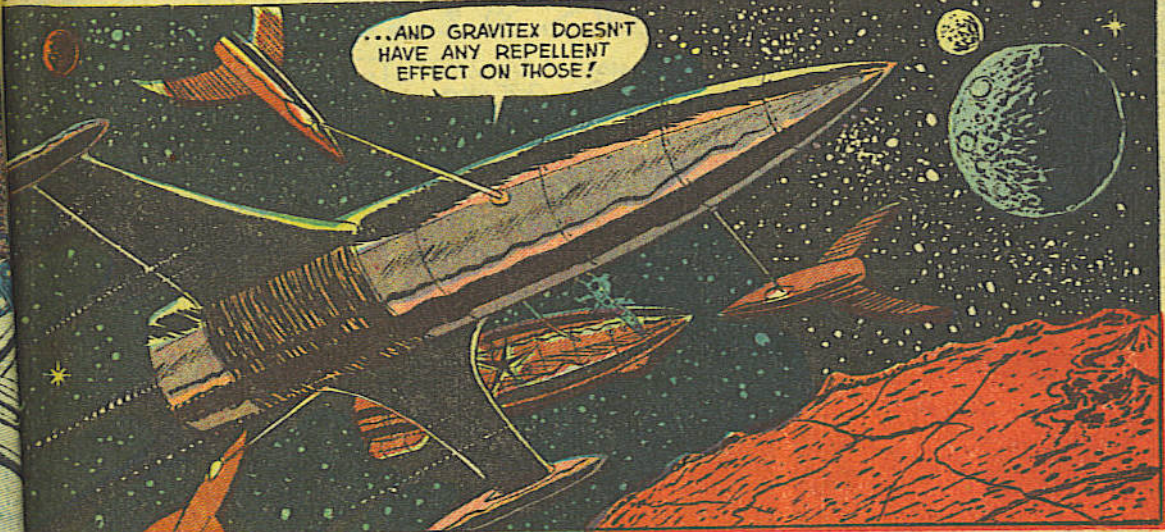
WITH ITS FULL LOAD OF GRAVITEX, THIS SHIP WILL BE REPELLED BY THE GRAVITY OF ANY FULL-FLEDGED PLANET! YOU **CAN'T** PULL INTO MARS, NUCLEO!



HERE COME THE SPACE OFFICERS TO SNAG YOU WITH THEIR MAGNETIC GRAPPERS.



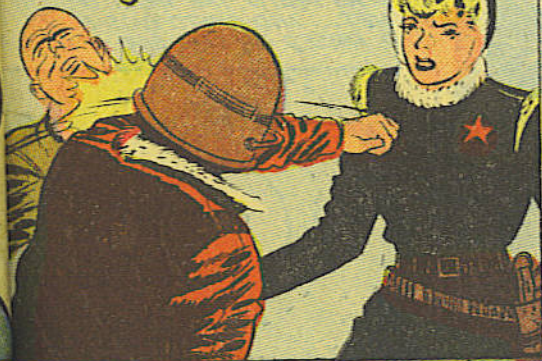
...AND GRAVITEX DOESN'T HAVE ANY REPELLENT EFFECT ON THOSE!



I'D SAY THAT WHEN NUCLEO IS ON THE RECEIVING END OF A FIST, HE'S **REPELLENT** HIMSELF. WHAT DO YOU SAY, STELLA?

I'D SAY HE WAS JUST PLAIN **REPULSIVE!**

BOP!



HERE'S NUCLEO, SPEED. WHEN HE WAKES UP, HE'LL FIND HIMSELF BACK WHERE HE STARTED FROM! MEANWHILE, WE'LL RAID HIS HIDEOUT ON MARS!

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO FIGURE IS HOW TO GET THAT GRAVITEX BACK TO EARTH!



1959

SPIRO THE SPACE SPY

THE MAN WHO SAVED FOUR WORLDS

BACK IN THE YEAR 2306, INVADERS FROM GALAXY Q-7 LANDED ON PLUTO, THE BLEAK PLANET WHICH FORMS THE OUTERMOST MEMBER OF OUR SYSTEM...

PLUTONIANS! THAT TINY STAR IS **YOUR SUN!** THINK OF HOW LITTLE WARMTH IT GIVES YOU! HELP US INVADE THE INNER PLANETS OF YOUR SYSTEM, MERCURY... VENUS... EARTH AND MARS!



THEN YOUR SUN WILL BE ALL OURS! I MEAN ALL YOURS!

ONE MAN IS SNEAKING AWAY, VO! HE MUST BE A SPY!

IMPOSSIBLE, UF! NO ONE BUT A PLUTONIAN COULD GO AROUND HALF CLAD IN THIS ABSOLUTE ZERO TEMPERATURE!



THE MAN WAS A SPY, HOWEVER! HE TOOK OFF IN A HIDDEN SPACESHIP FROM PLUTO...

... AND GAINING A SPEED THAT MADE THE FASTEST COMET SEEM SLOW, HE REACHED THE PLANET MARS...



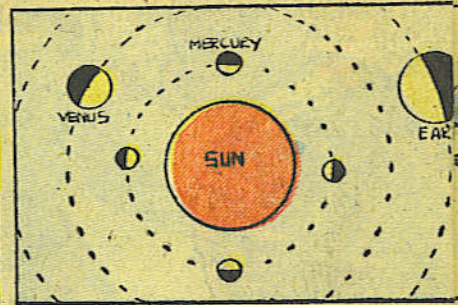
INVADERS... FROM ANOTHER GALAXY... HEADING IN FROM PLUTO!



WHAT GAVE US TIME TO READY A VAST FOUR WORLD FLEET THAT MET AND DEFEATED THE GALACTIC INVADERS AMONG THE ASTEROIDS?



BUT HOW DID SPIRO, WHO CAME FROM AN INNER PLANET, MANAGE TO STAND THE COLD CLIMATE OF PLUTO? THE ANSWER WAS, SPIRO CAME FROM **MERCURY**, WHICH ALWAYS KEEPS **ONE SIDE** TOWARD THE SUN... THE OTHER SIDE IS AS COLD AS PLUTO, THE MOST DISTANT PLANET... AND SPIRO WAS BORN AND RAISED ON THAT SIDE OF MERCURY.



SPACE ADVENTURES

THE SPACE BANDITS

HERE COMES THE STARITANIA, DZARTZ, WITH A TRILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD TO ESTABLISH THE CURRENCY OF THE OUTER PLANETS!

IT WILL ALL BE OURS FOR THE TAKING, RUJON. OUR LINE IS FORMED AND OUR SPACE CHASER IS READY TO OUT-RUN ALL PURSUIT!

ON THE PLANET JUNO, A TINY WORLD THAT FORMS A CROSSROAD BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, A PAIR OF MASTER PLOTTERS ARE READY TO UNLEASH THE MOST STUPENDOUS ROBBERY OF ALL HISTORY!

SHOW US TO THE STRONG ROOM! WE WANT THAT GOLD!

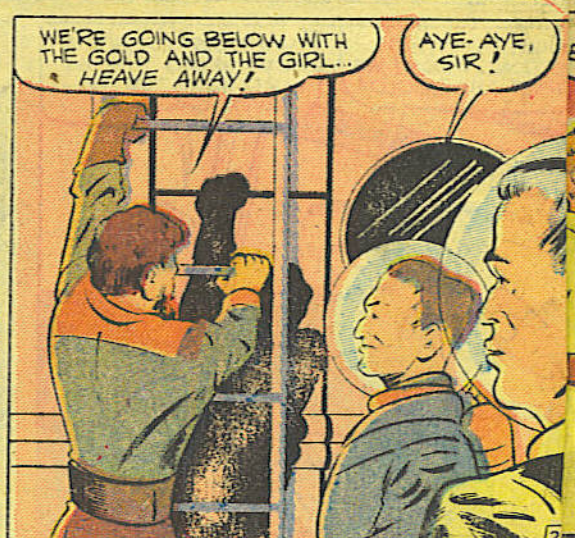
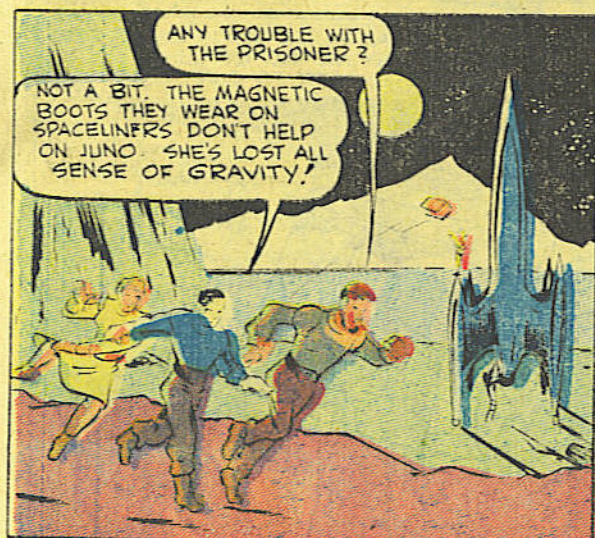
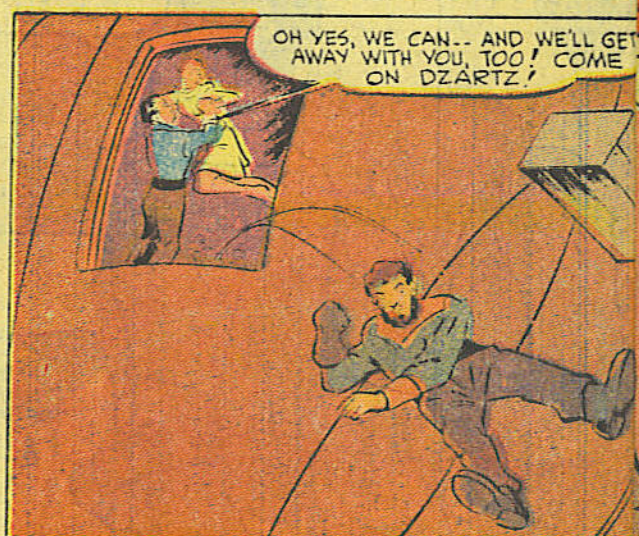
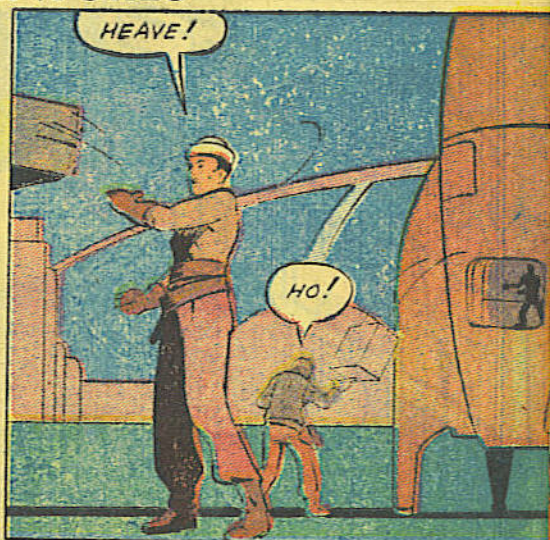
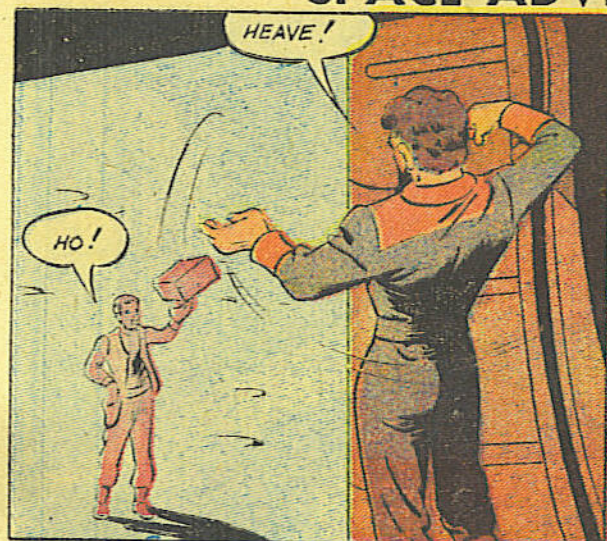
YOU FOOLS! ONE BOX OF GOLD WEIGHS TWENTY EARTH TONS. YOU CAN NEVER CARRY IT!

AIRLOCK
N°2

YOU FORGET THAT AN EARTH TON IS ONLY A FEW POUNDS ON THIS TINY WORLD OF JUNO. WE'LL TURN THESE OVER TO OUR MEN!

STRONG
ROOM

SPACE ADVENTURES



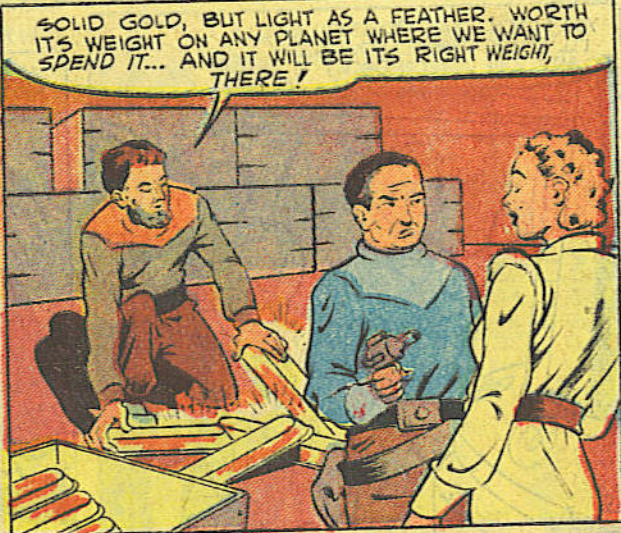
SPACE ADVENTURES

NOW LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR TRILLION DOLLARS!

IT'S OURS ALL RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING ON JIM THAT CAN BEGIN TO OVERTAKE THIS SPACECHASER!



SOLID GOLD, BUT LIGHT AS A FEATHER. WORTH ITS WEIGHT ON ANY PLANET WHERE WE WANT TO SPEND IT... AND IT WILL BE ITS RIGHT WEIGHT, THERE!



PACK HER IN THE EMPTY BOX, RUJON AND WE'LL DUMP IT OVERBOARD TO DRIFT FOREVER IN SPACE. AT LEAST SHE'LL BE HAPPY AFTER SEEING ALL THIS GOLD!



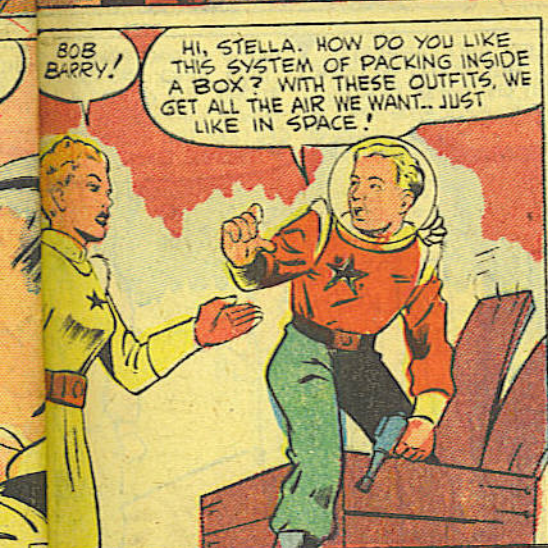
JIM!

SPACE OFFICER JONES, AT YOUR SERVICE! PRY OPEN THAT OTHER BOX, STELLA... WHILE I HANDLE THESE BANDITS!

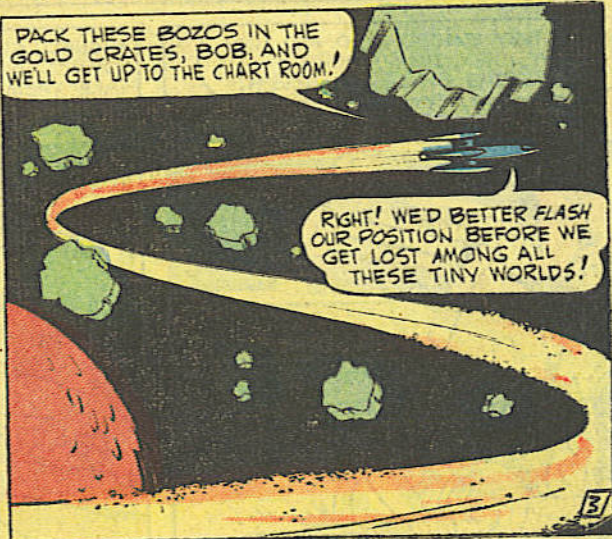


BOB BARRY!

HI, STELLA. HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS SYSTEM OF PACKING INSIDE A BOX? WITH THESE OUTFITS, WE GET ALL THE AIR WE WANT... JUST LIKE IN SPACE!



PACK THESE BOZOS IN THE GOLD CRATES, BOB, AND WE'LL GET UP TO THE CHART ROOM!



RIGHT! WE'D BETTER FLASH OUR POSITION BEFORE WE GET LOST AMONG ALL THESE TINY WORLDS!

SPACE ADVENTURES

